



I DREAM OF HOME.

Sung by G. C. Glendale, at Bryants' Minstrels,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway.

I dream of my home, happy home of my childhood,
Where life's sunny morning passed sweetly away ;
I dream of the cot that stood by the wildwood,
Around which the young birds sang sweet all the day

CHORUS.

Father, of you — Mother, of you—
Sisters, Brothers, all, I dream of you.

In slumber I hear happy voices still singing,
Echoed o'er valley and hill far away ;
I hear from yon green the old banjo now ringing,
To which all the darkies are dancing so gay.
Chorus.

Oh, sad was the hour when my bright home forsaking,
I roamed amid strangers cold hearted and vain ;
But now I am weary — my poor heart is breaking —
Take me, oh ! take me to my dear home again.
Chorus.

H. DE MARSAN.
DEALER IN SONGS, TOY-BOOKS &c.
No 38 CHATHAM ST. N.Y.

I DREAM OF

HOME.

Sung by G. G. Hubbard, at the Grand Assembly,
Mechanic Hall, 111 Broadway.

I dream of my home, happy home of my childhood,
Where life's sunny morning passed so sweetly away;
I dream of the old haunts of my childhood,
A scene which the years have never faded away.

CHORUS.

Father of mine—Mother of mine—
Sister, brother, all I dream of mine.

In shadow, I hear happy voices all singing,
"Home, our home, and all the way;
I hear from you a voice that is sweet and true,
So which all the hearts are singing to-day."

Oh, and was the home when my heart's home was
I dream of that home, old and true and true;
But now I am weary—my heart is breaking,
Take me up to home to my dear home again.